

ANNIV. BINARY POEM.

BY FANNIE AFRAN TROUS.

Thy tide, O Time! affrighted me sore, as fast
O'er day and night thy cycles thus are cast.
Oh! pause in the hour and stand the day
That tell of thy years that smile but will not stay—
Of the years that smile, but I'm in a wintry way.
S. (all of promise e'er, but answering nay.
"Both human life to some its bow bring high."
As bowed was all my soul, 'twas thus I sigh.
"Oh! tell me true, for I would know, O God!
If I alone must pass beneath the rod?
Oh! tell me, Time! dost thou to some bring joy?
To some is fate a gift and time a toy?
While thus I mused to-day, and deemed I read
Thy answer, "yes," with stricken, bowed head,
I tane invoked, "Oh! teach my heart, kind heaven,
To satisfy itself with naught, while given
To others round is wealth of goodly things."
But kindred clay to clay still cries and clings.

But, Time, uncompromising tho' thou art,
Assaile, have, and armed with deadly dart—
Astride thy iron wheel, with mighty span,
Hard onward, crushing plan and crushing man—
We yet bewail thee; for upon thy brow
Still gleams the bow of promise, beck'ning prow,
That leads to life, and strikes its bow higher;
Zeal leaps to fire, and strikes its bow higher.
We must bewail thee, O Time! and tain
Would stay thee, summing up the while the train
Of unrequited wants, a recompense
Beseeching thee, in love's deep tones intense.
In th' early year we planned in goodly hope,
With stern resolve and purpose pure to cope
With peril and power; but fold I now's the hand,
And weak before the tyrant tide we stand,
Recounting o'er and o'er how vastly small
And unimportant is our human ail.

I raised my eyes and saw a sceptre high,
The weary, heavy ones alluring high.
The heritage of Eden's God the brew
Bedewed no more; for man and puny plow
Machinery smiled upon benign and fair,
And vane and hid the robe of wealth did wear.
And then I saw relief look forth in praise,
As recompensing hand unwound its ways;
And deep in difficulty's denizens dark,
Where ignorance and sad hindrance did work,
Most beautiful paths I saw in prosperous smile,
And the mind into ecstasy did science beguile.
I saw a heart's deep love for utterance plaid,
The heart was bowed and broke, but could not bleed.
Encircled round with eyes that should not see
The story must an untold burden be.
At length I saw the heart its story pour
Upon the willing canvass o'er and o'er:
Great struggles stand and speak in living tones,
And art its way of wondrous power owns.
And then I looked and saw a human soul
In agony, but mute with proud control;
Each spark of life was living, taunting death—
Each living hope was vivid spectre-breath.
The days were nights, the years were torrid zones,
And prayer became the soul's unburning groans.
The soul looked up, and answering came a fire
That leaped and burned each thought to thrill and inspire.

In purest melody and cadence rare,
Sublimest voice was made some sweet to wear;
And gorgeous hues and modulated blending twine
With sunlit rainbows lofty poesy's shrine.
In sad, but burning, living, lasting word,
Each wrong, each thrust, each thrilling thing that stirred
That soul, it begged embalmment there, that hearts
Might judge with joy the tale of misery impart—
A song, here life for justice pleading stands
There, struggling up through sorrow's burning sands.
And then I saw a hand uplifted high,
And thence and peoples were cast and die.
To crush or crown, to woo or wound, as would;
But the ultimate for earth and man was good.

O anniversary! thou time to think!
And thought with thought and fact with fancy link!
And tho' we grieve that th' years are bare and short
Yet oh! they're long when sorrow's spectres start.
Like ages, all the days in blackness brown—
The prayer: "Is it not enough?" no word brings
down.

Art thou afraid to think? O barren life!
O empty future! present dull and rife!
But humbled low, with shadows gloating o'er,
Since seeing that good to some and best to more
Are meted out by Mercy's Master Hand,
If I must ever be by fate's treacherous hand,
In heroism mute, but heaven-given,
"Although He slay me," I cried, "yet will I love
Him."

But thou art long, O year! And now I mind
A young bride's joys, as in my heart enshrined
They sank on yesternight. They were: "I thought
It long; three months from mother." Quick I caught
This meaning: Happiness complete makes time
Eternity, where clouds are rainbows, kisses rhyme.
The heart that listened said: "Time can be full
When the burning soul will wish for a broken
whole."

But time and change will still go on. And yet,
Tho' sacrilege it seems that th' place once set
With scene and form and face that made it dear
Must meet with what like ghosts to the heart ap-
pear.
I cannot say which grief is worse: to pray
For things withheld, or get what pray we may.
They said: "Give up thy home!"—the home where
all
My joys have been, but yet whose friendly wall
Has shadowed me in agony's dark hour—
In th' hour of th' soul's deep passion-prayer, whose
power
Has crushed and broken all my spirit. And now
I wait: I simply wait—I simply wait!
For—Oh! I know not what—but fate—yes, fate.
Longueville, December, 1882.

THE INVENTOR'S STORY.

A stout, black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me in the railroad car and indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up, and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself safe from observation would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was red as a lobster.

As we neared the city these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there—he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were twenty-five miles from the city, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest to him, he selected me. Suddenly turning as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and slapping his legs together and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"
"Eh!"
"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed to them at the last station—they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and then one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.
"Yes, and three children," he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied.

"I hain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck, before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; tain't natural that it should, you know, I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop again; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to that philosophy," I said, you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing that makes me think I will get through safe is, because I think I won't."

"Well, this is curious," said I.

"Yes!" he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off the London bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought \$50,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "\$50,000, and the best of it is she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied; "why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making white shirts, and that is the way she'd live half of the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage-way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime laughter, putting his mouth into the drollest shape, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other side of the car, opposite the stranger, who with a portmanteau in his hand, descended, and was standing on the lowest step ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried:

"There they are!"

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in.

She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she cannot his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed towards the place where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so

short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty—on the contrary, she looked very plain; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while her eyes blinked so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered man pushing his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back towards him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her, sobbing, to his breast.

There were enough gazing at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment; and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if all the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

A Family of Giants.

St. Louis Republican.

The great attraction in the ladies' waiting room at the Union depot last evening was three giant brothers, each over seven feet in height, with three small wives. An investigation established the fact that the men had been East perfecting arrangements with a circus manager to place themselves on exhibition during the coming spring and summer; that they were returning from their trip highly elated over their success, and that they resided in Hunt county, Texas, where they owned farms, which, up to the present winter, they had cultivated in obscurity. The most remarkable circumstance connected with their history is that they have four other brothers residing on farms in Hunt county, who were also each over seven feet in height. This family of giants, the sons of William Shields, who emigrated to Texas from Georgia twenty-six years ago, are probably the most remarkable family, physically speaking, in the United States, although they lived comparatively unknown to the world, outside of Hunt county, Texas, until discovered during the present year by a traveling circus manager. Two of the number, James and Jack Shields, are exactly 7 feet and 11 inches in height, their weights being respectively 806 and 876 pounds. They are twins, and are one inch taller than Gus Shields, one of their brothers. One of the seven brothers is only 18 years of age, yet he measures from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, 7 feet and 4 inches, and is still growing. Their father lacked an inch of being seven feet tall, but their mother was a woman of average size. The combined weights of four of the brothers is 1,019 pounds.

Twelve Children Under Six Years.

Among the immigrants arriving at Bonaventure depot yesterday were George Kelsey, a native of the west of England and forty-two years of age, and his wife from the same part. The twain have been married eighteen years. Within six years they have had twelve children, namely: triplets no less than twice, twice doublets, and twice "singlets." As the parents sat in the depot surrounded by their offspring, the youngest an infant in arms, the eldest looking little more than an infant, they were the subjects of the greatest interest, and many were the questions asked the happy mother, especially by the feminine portion of those in the depot awaiting the arrival of the train. The children were all healthy and robust, and the father and mother might be described as the same. The mother stated that her little ones had known no sickness more than the ordinary complaints incident to childhood.—*Montreal (Can.) Witness.*

—One dozen eggs is worth four pounds of lint cotton in this market, and one pound of bacon is worth two pounds of cotton, yet our farmers are making more cotton to buy more bacon with. Nothing like getting used to a thing.—*Pittsburg Magnet.*

"What under the sun," asks the Chicago Times, "is a cocktail?" A cocktail, esteemed contemporary, is not under the sun; it is under your vest.

"Will you drop us saline?" asked a man departing from Syracuse. "That depends salt together on circumstances," was the reply.

Machinery for the South.

Shipments of machinery from eastern manufacturing to the south are becoming so great as to attract attention in all quarters. During the month of June twenty-two car loads were shipped from Boston along over the line of the Richmond and Danville railroad. This machinery was distributed as follows: Fourteen car-loads to Pelzer, S. C.; six to Concord, N. C.; one to Hickory, N. C.; and one to Clifton, N. C. These shipments, though they may be considered a fair index of what is now doing in the way of new manufacturing enterprises in the south, are nothing compared to what is to come. Boston machine shops, it is said, have notified the Southern transportation lines that they are now engaged in manufacturing three hundred car-loads of machinery for southern mills, all of which is to be delivered in the early fall. The Boston manufacturers are doing only their proportion of this work; the establishments in other cities east and throughout the northwest, are all engaged more or less of their time on orders for the southern markets. The Boston shops are supplying, for the most part, cotton machinery for the new factories in the south, while manufacturers in the cities of Erie, Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, and other centers, are filling orders for machinery of every description for working up the fine timber of the south. Not long ago, thirty car-loads of machinery, of various kinds—principally for wood-working—were at the depot of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, at Louisville, on one day, to be distributed in the south, along the lines of that road. Our timber, except the finer kinds, can not be carried to eastern mills to be manufactured into lumber, but our cotton has been and still goes to the east to be spun and woven. But now the mills are being brought to the cotton, and much of it is being manufactured near the fields where it grows, to the great benefit and profit of our people. Verily, the new south is rising in her strength, like a giant refreshed—not with new wine, but from long sleep—and girding on her armor for the battle she is to fight for equality in the world of manufactures and commerce. She will win the highest place in these pursuits if her people are only true to themselves; and they will be, for they have learned by misfortune and experience of the things that work for their good, and will henceforth pursue them diligently, intelligently and persistently. She has been slow to move, but she is now thoroughly aroused, and may challenge other sections to contest with her the palm of greatness and prosperity.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Mistaken Ideas of Texas.

It is really astonishing what mistaken ideas of Texas exist among people outside of the state. It is true that there is no scarcity of published information concerning Texas—its resources, advantages, and the character of its inhabitants; and while these publications have been circulated throughout the entire country, they have not yet counteracted the evil influence of another class of publications which have been circulated for years past. It must be remembered that every year thousands of thrilling tales of adventure have been published in newspapers, periodicals and books, and in most of these stories the scenes have been located in Texas. Novel writers of the blood and thunder class of literature have taken particular delight in making Texas the scene of desperate Indian fights, daring hunting exploits, and thrilling adventures with robbers and desperadoes. Nearly every man, woman and child in the United States, who reads, at all, has read more or less of such stories, and naturally associates Texas with these highly-colored romances. It is an actual fact that even very intelligent people all over the country regard Texas as a wild frontier state, and imagine that bands of painted savages roam at will over the vast prairies, lassoing wild horses, shooting buffalo, attacking wagon trains and engaging in desperate encounters with daring scouts and dauntless rangers. Nearly every man who visits Texas for the first time comes provided with a trusty six-shooter with which to annihilate Indians and border ruffians; and when he returns home he is expected to relate blood-curdling adventures with savage Indians and desperate cowboys. Of course people who know anything of the state can testify that Texas is as orderly as any state in the Union, and that all of these stories are entirely without foundation. Indians, desperadoes, buffalo and wild horses are no longer to be found in Texas, and consequently those who come to the state impelled by a spirit of ad-

venture will find themselves sadly mistaken. Texas is rich in natural resources, and has room for millions of industrious, law-abiding people, and such a class of immigrants will always find a hearty welcome. Adventurers are not wanted.—*Midland Review.*

The Mighty Dollar.

Canada is issuing bank notes of the denomination of \$4.

Jay Gould's income from Western Union alone is \$3,500 a day.

The Byrner Brothers won \$74,840 during the racing seasons of 1882.

New York's 2,000 rag pickers do an annual business of \$30,000,000.

About \$7,000,000 worth of neckties are worn in the United States every year.

The total cost of the last election in New York City is estimated at \$225,000.

A New York merchant who failed in 1857 has just paid, with interest, the last dollar of his indebtedness.

A lot of Confederate bonds, amounting to \$145,000, was sold recently at Charleston, S. C., for \$12.50 per thousand.

An industrious Nashville girl hemmed and marked 100 towels and 200 napkins in a single day, receiving therefor \$10.

Rats bit the wife of the Rev. G. W. Baker on the arm while she was a guest at an Atlanta hotel. Mr. Baker sues for \$10,000 damages.

George Busenell, of Lakeville, Conn., sold \$2,000 worth of apples and pears this year from an orchard planted by his father thirty years ago.

Rams of choice breed fetch from \$1,000 to \$2,000 in Australia, while first-class mutton sells in Adelaide and Sydney for 37 cents the stone—fourteen pounds.

A New York banking house has made a blanket loan of \$1,000,000 in Yazoo county Mississippi, which is there to be sub-divided and lent out to planters for the improvement of their plantations.

During the last cotton picking season a negro woman, 80 years old, made more money than any other laboring person in Madison, Ga. She picked 200 pounds of cotton every day and spun a cut of cotton thread before breakfast every morning.

On Thanksgiving Day a young man named Stewart called at the shoe store of a Mr. Paton, on Queen street, Toronto, and surprised the dealer by offering to pay for a pair of boots purchased by his father nineteen years ago. The boys father had received the boots on credit at the time stated and shortly afterwards died, leaving the bill unpaid. The young man mentioned was then a child of two years of age and his widowed mother was left in poor circumstances. The shoe dealer had years ago forgotten all about the circumstances and his astonishment may be imagined.

A Business Example.

William Whitney is an Englishman, who some twenty years ago, opened in the extreme northwest of London, a little shop, employing two assistants. Here he began the business of supplying the wants of people. With shrewd good sense, a rare judgement of human nature and indefatigable energy and perseverance he succeeded in building up a business that is immense. He employs 5000 people and 300 horses; his buildings cover 14 acres, and he has besides an immense farm for supplying milk and garden produce, etc.

The great secret of his success lays in two things. First he anticipated the wants of the community around him, and was ready to meet them with a promptness that was surprising to his customers and most agreeable. Even at a risk of a first loss to himself he did not hesitate, for he well knew that the effort to oblige would return him tenfold what he might chance to lose. Then he made it a point to furnish the best of his kind at the lowest prices that it could be had and leave him a fair profit. He never took advantage of his customers, whatever their ignorance, but was always honest and upright. What he said he meant, and those who had dealings with him knew it.

He is said to be the greatest purveyor in the world, being baker, butcher, milkman, tailor, jeweler, druggist, florist, banker, in fact everything imaginable, and he always furnishes his supplies with a promptness that is marvelous. His establishment is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary in the world and his career extremely interesting in its relations to business.

Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.